Lillian & Harold Weisberg
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Dear Bud,

The gratuitous insult of your letter of the 27th is one I cannot allow to stand, so I write you even though I am scheduled to be in your office tomorrow, enclosing the check for the amount you loaned me. How you failed to get the two messages I left for you with the check I cannot understand.

Of all the many indignities I have had to sustain in silence, of all the humiliations that others seem to enjoy inflicting, and of all the unpleasantnesses that have characterized our lives for the past seven years, those most difficult to bear are the ones so many "friends" go out of their way to bestow.

When I first raised the question of your loaning me this money three weeks ago you lied and told me you didn't have it. I then told you the checks that I expected were in corporate channels and had been delayed, but they had been issued. This was true. That you did not have the money was false. So, I borrowed the money from a local friend who was in an unusual situation, the remodling of his business, which required a large outlay by Friday a week ago.

On the day you loaned me this money, I was late getting to our appointment, I believe, save for once when a plane was delayed, the only time I've been late for any appointment since the assassination, and I explained it by telling you I had the money to raise and that I would have to leave early in order to do this. You then offered to lend me this money - I did not ask for it- and I told you I expected to have the checks in a week and would then repay you. Had I not been unwell and had to go to the doctor that morning, I'd have had the money before I got to your office. Had I not had to go there, I also would have had it. In any event, the check arrived the day I was last in your office-that is, the second one did. The first, against which I drew the check I gave you, arrived before then.

You were not there. You were also not there most of the time I was there Tuesday. Friday, as soon as I learned you were out of town, I tried to give the check to either Jim or Dick, with the explanation that other money due us had come in, the checks had been deposited and hadn't cleared, and if you really needed the money within the next few days, to let me know and I'd send it immediately, but because to do so would leave me flat, with not a cent for any contingency, I'd appreciate a few days delay. They asked me to give the check to Carmen, and I did, with this message. That you got it from neither is in no way my fault, but both should be able to confirm it to you. I am surprised Carmen didn't when you dictated the insults to her, so she must have been harried and forgotten.

There are other things in your letter I cannot ignore. First, you well know how we live. Writing me a letter of this character and marking it personal is what kind of nonsense? Fortunately, Lil did not open the mail as she brought it up to the house, her usual practise, so she is unaware of this. However, I tell you now, with all the emphasis I can, do not ever mail me anything like this again. If there is anything of this degrading character you feel you must put on paper, save it until you can hand it to me. I will not tolerate anything like

entirely needless abuse of her.

"I have steadfastly refused to become one of your creditors".

I am not aware that you were invited. I never borrow money unless I know when I can return it. It is a rarity and then outside my control when I do not. The only one of us to whom I owe money is Paul, who has done some xeroxing for me. As soon as the checks we have received clear, unless there is an emergency, he will get that. If he had let me know what I owed him when I had the money, he'd have gotten it earlier. The shoes, shamefully, is on the other foot. And you share a responsibility for some of my financial troubles, as they relate to New Orleans and the rather large expenditures, for me, this required, for you are among those who encouraged the situation I had to cope with, a distinction you share with several members of your board. Let me tick a few off: The San Francisco committee owes me money going back to 1966. The Los Angeles people asked me to go there when Liebeler had Lane (and them) on the ropes, and I abandoned my second book, then on the presses, to do this, without the return of a single cent to this day. The Los Angeles committee also beat me out of the cost of books (as did the noble Free Press). The San Diego Committee promised to pay all my expenses and find a small honorarium for my 1968 trip there. They haven't, nor have they paid for the books they bought. Aside from the cost of books and postage, and after crediting all honoraria and part-payment of expenses, my indebtedness is over $1,000 greater because of California alone. Penn Jones has owed me $150 for a long time. He acknowledges it and just doesn't pay it, on the theory I am some kind of agent.

But not a cent, now that the enclosed check is getting back to you, do I owe any of us or anyone you know, aside from the xeroxing bill to Paul. I owe my bank, I owe the printer, I owe my dentist, and there may be a few minor obligations of which I do not know, if Lil has hidden them from me, but that is all. So, I do not know what you meant, aside from insult and what purpose you could have had in mind other than a sadistic one in the crack about becoming one of my creditors.

Whether or not you are made of money is irrelevant, and how you spend your money is your own affair. I borrowed the money from you when you volunteered it, I owed it to you whether or not you needed it urgently, I gave you the best estimate I could of when the expected money would arrive, I told you the sources from which the money was coming, and when one check did come, I immediately drew against it and left the message that if your need was urgent enough to justify cleaning me out again to get the full amount a few days earlier, you need only tell me.

What makes this even more offensive is the fact that, unknown to you, I had written others to see if they could find any means of raising the legal costs of the coming suits so they would <u>not</u> be a burden to you. While I was harrassed as I was about my own impoverishment and real needs, I nonetheless did make an effort, without consultation with you, to ease this burden you might assume. You can readily confirm this for yourself, for you can easily guess who I might have written. You know all of them...There are other things of which I might remind you, but to do so would serve no useful purpose. I conclude with the expression of disappointment, that you could think such things, put them on paper, and then arrange it so that, aside from accident, Lil would have this to suffer, too. I think it shameful.

Sincerely,

Harry